

ULYSSES S. GRANT AS CITIZEN, SOLDIER, PRESIDENT AND MASTER.

HOW GRANT MET LINCOLN.

By John G. Nicolay,
Lincoln's Private Secretary.

The incidents attending the first personal meeting of President Lincoln and General Grant were as simple and impressive as the characters of the two men. On the 20th of February, 1864, the President signed the act passed by Congress reviving the grade of Lieutenant-General, and immediately nominated President Grant to that office to command the armies of the United States. On the 3d of March the new General was ordered to Washington, where he arrived on the 8th. Though this was now the fourth year of the war, the two men had never yet seen each other. Neither, however, felt that they were strangers. Their strongly marked features were familiar not only to each, but to all the world, from countless photographs, engravings and woodcuts, and the remarkable career of each had impressed upon the other a feeling of admiration and trust which left little to be added by the eye and voice.

Grant arrived in Washington on the evening of March 8 and immediately proceeded to the Executive Mansion. I remember well his arrival at the White House. An unusually crowded public reception was in progress when he entered at about half-past nine. A hum of eager-whispered recognition among the guests was the sole announcement of the visitor of Donelson and Vicksburg; and as he approached the President the crowd instinctively fell back, and Lincoln warmly clasped the hand of Grant in an impressive silence of some seconds' duration. There followed a few words of casual greeting, then the General was introduced to Mrs. Lincoln, and next to Secretary Seward, who escorted him to the East Room, crowded almost to suffocation, where after cheer went up as soon as his presence was recognized. The General, blushing like a girl, was compelled to mount upon a sofa, from which height he shook hands with as many as could force their way to his side.

The reception closed promptly at 11, after which the General again met the President and the Secretary of War in the Blue Room to appoint an hour for the formal presentation of the new commission of Lieutenant-General on the following day. At 1 o'clock on the 9th this formal presentation took place in the presence of the entire Cabinet and sundry high officials. I was again present on this occasion, and in the general conversation which followed the formalities heard special service was expected of him. The President replied that the country wanted him to take Richmond, and asked if he could do it, to which Grant said he could if he had the troops, and in turn the President assured him that he should have the full support of the country and the Executive.

These promises were nobly redeemed on both sides. The President and the nation gave Grant men and material and confidence without stint. Grant took Richmond, captured Lee's army and conquered rebellion.

A EULOGY OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

By the Late Gen. E. F. Beale,
Grant's Closest Personal Friend.

By General E. F. Beale, deceased, Grant's most intimate friend. One of the most remarkable eulogies in the English language. Never printed before except privately. It is not as the great general or wise statesman, though I believe he was of the greatest, that I like to recall General Grant, but as the good man. If he had not been great his life would still have been beautiful. He was so truthful, so serene, so frank, and of such simplicity that it was impossible to know him and not to love him. I feel that the world is better that he has lived. Many a one, thinking of his patience, will suffer with more fortitude misfortunes, and, knowing how beautiful virtue made his life, will endeavor to imitate it. History will tell how he won great battles, but it would be better if the world knew more of the sweetness and purity of his private life.

He loved to ride through woods and note the different trees—he knew them all—and speak of their growth and habits. He was no sportsman. I think he disliked the cruelty of what is called sport; for he was the most tender-hearted of men, and especially kind and thoughtful of children. He was a great walker, as well as rider, and had a pleasant sort of wit and a very humorous sense. But he was never sharp, and would rather let a good thing go unsaid than hurt another's feelings.

He liked a good story, and was a good listener; but it must have no taint of immorality in it. He would not tolerate a story or expression which bore a double meaning or concealed an impure thought. Of scandal he was intolerant. He neither listened to it nor permitted it in his presence. In his own speech he was absolutely clean-tongued. I do not believe the man lives who ever heard him use an expletive. In debate he was calm and gracious, receiving the most active opposition without resentment. He was of such evenness throughout that he never seemed to emphasize his language, but impressed his hearer in a manner which rendered emphasis unnecessary. He seemed to influence all who came near him by an inexpressible moral force. What others have done by the pomp and circumstance of power he accomplished through composure and serenity of manner.

He was as accessible when President as any private citizen, and yet there was that dignity of self-respect about him which repelled impertinent intrusion. He was a very moderate man in his appetites—the smallest eater—and never have I seen him touch anything stronger than wine. I have known many great men, but they were all like some fine fruit, speckled with imperfections. He only was without blemish.

E. F. BEALE.

(By the son of General E. F. Beale, who was Grant's Minister to Austria.)

I saw General Grant a few days before he died. He had been on terms of intimate friendship with my father, and during many years our house had been his accustomed home whenever he was in Washington. Myself a very young man, I looked upon him with awe as the greatest of military heroes. When he was dying I visited him at Mount McGregor. Somewhat misjudging the propriety of doing so under the circumstances, I sent in my card. I was admitted, and he received me with that kindness which was so marked a characteristic of the man.

I was greatly shocked, to observe how much he was changed, owing to the ravages of his disease. Though suffering intense pain, and indeed well-nigh in the last agony of death, his wasted appearance seemed but to bring out the nobility of his features and the kindly expression of his face. Instead of speaking of his own distresses, he first saw that I was comfortable, and then asked me about my father. We have all heard how Lord Chesterfield, when he had only a few moments to live, directed his attendant to offer a chair to a visitor; but here was a man, born in the wilderness, with whom courtesy was an instinct. He was so innately a gentleman that in that quality he was the equal of the finest gentleman in Europe, without even being aware of the fact.

TRUXTON BEALE.



Group on the Piazza at Mt. McGregor, Shortly Before Gen. Grant's Death.

A LIVING SOLDIER'S TRIBUTE TO HIS DEAD LEADER.

BY GENERAL NELSON A. MILES,

General in Chief of the United States Army.

Grant was a man whose philosophy was proof against misfortune; under all circumstances his coolness was absolute, and his cheerfulness never failed him. When things looked blackest, and other officers could not help feeling despondent, he exhibited not the least disquiet or lack of confidence. His achievements in the West were among the most notable military exploits in history, and he himself will always hold rank among the greatest of commanders. In his private life he displayed the same virtues as distinguished him in his career as a soldier. Experiencing many vicissitudes, he bore with calm fortitude misfortunes under which any ordinary man would have sunk.

A SOUVENIR OF GRANT'S EARLY LIFE.

Bill Rendered for Hardware and Leather by His Father and Receipted by U. S. Grant Wife a Clerk in the Store.

A
Reminis-
cence of
the
Days
When
Grant's
Career
Seemed
Likely
to
Be
Restricted
to
Tanning
Leather.

No. 1234 & Kleiderholz		Galena, Feb 25 1864	
Bought of J. R. GRANT,		DEALER IN	
LEATHER, SADDLERY HARDWARE, &c.		145 Main Street, Milwaukee Brick Block.	
CASH PAID FOR HIDES, SKINS AND PELTS.			
1	Shoe Hammer	40	
2	Knives	25	
1	pr. Nippers	25	
1	pr. Pincers	45	
1	pr. Pry Bars	90	
	Wax	05	
	Sewing Awls	10	
1	Pat. Pryawl Haft	20	
5	pts. Rys	25	
	Com. Leather	05	
1	French Calf	50	
2	Ohio "	375	
Total Payment			\$9 65
J. R. Grant		U. S. Grant	

This
Is
the
Signature
Which
Was
Transferred
to
the
Roll
of
Fame
Within
Two
Years'
Time.

THE GREATEST CITIZEN.

By John H. Gear,
Senator from Iowa.

General Grant was the great American citizen. He never forgot for a moment the fact that he was one of the people. He never forgot his friends. No matter what temptations were placed before him to give others preference he never yielded—a quality so rare as to exalt any man.

As a soldier, as a citizen, as a statesman, he was always cool, courageous, straightforward. He was of a logical and forceful mind. What he had to say was told in few words, each one of which had a distinct meaning. His conversation was always epigrammatic. His pulse of mind was always the same.

Few persons realized that General Grant was a man of great literary ability and the possessor of a splendid education. Without the latter he could not have graduated at West Point. The former is shown by the fact that Grant's war orders are as perfect specimens of the English language as were ever written.

I recall an instance which clearly shows how thoroughly General Grant was master of himself and of English. It was during a session of the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Des Moines, Ia. The General was requested to deliver an address. There was practically no time for preparation, yet he was worthy an address upon any subject must be clear, comprehensive and forceful. General Grant sat down in C. C. Cole's parlor, and in fifteen minutes wrote out the remarks he intended to make. They formed as lucid and as comprehensive a summary of the features of our school system as was ever prepared. The manuscript is in existence to-day. It is in the possession of C. C. Cole, at Des Moines. I have seen it several times. As a specimen of correct and well-expressed English alone it is well worth preservation.

It so happened that when General Grant was returning from his tour around the world I was Governor of Iowa, and therefore I met him as he entered our State and escorted him as far as Mendota, Ill. At night I was in his private car with him. Mrs. Grant had retired and we were looking over some election returns just received. This led to a discussion regarding the tariff, and the General proved to be a thorough master of the subject in detail. He not only talked of the tariff, but understood what he was discussing to a remarkable extent. It has, of course, been known that General Grant was fairly well posted about such matters, but few persons know that he was possessed of the expert knowledge of the subject his conversation revealed to me.

For thirty years I knew General Grant. In all that time I never found reason to change the opinion of him I formed in the beginning of that acquaintance. As I have said, he was the great American citizen. That is the keynote to his character.

JNO. H. GEAR.

LITTLE BITS OF GRANT'S CHARACTER.

By "Jere,"

Grant's Old Body Servant.

Folks say that nobody knows a man like his servants. I worked for General Grant a long time. I don't know just how long, but he was just the same to me at the end of it as he was at the beginning. I was his body servant. I think I never felt so good as when he told me I was superior to any man he ever had to wait on him. I remember one time the General said to me: "Jerry, what do you think of the folks that come to see me?" This was the time he was President. I says, "I don't know, General; they're good and bad, but somehow I think it's most always something they want besides talk to you." Then the General he laughed, and he said, "Jerry, you can just make up your mind to this one thing. If you ever get to be a public officer almost every man you meet who speaks to you has an axe to grind, and when he gets that axe ground good and sharp and you can't help him make it any sharper or better, then he is quite likely to turn around and cut you with the axe."

The General never cut anybody with the axe. I never saw a man so good to his friends. It didn't make no difference, even if he was an old black man. If General Grant knew him, why, he just knew him, and he wa'n't ashamed of it no more if he was on Pennsylvania avenue and met him than if he had been down on Potomac flats where nobody saw him. Seems to me the General he always saw the man through the coat, and if the man was all right the General did not care anything about his clothes. Nobody was too humble for him to give them a kindly word and a how-d'y-e-do. So far as ever I saw nothing ever stirred his temper. Some folks were insulting to him sometimes, but he would always laugh and say: "That person was a little out of humor. One must learn not to take such things seriously."

Wherever General Grant went it was just the same. He never saw any reason why, because folks' blood was different, that they shouldn't be treated equally if they were respectable and worked for a living. It didn't make any difference to the General whether Queen Victoria or a porter on a railroad spoke to him. I remember hearing him say one time when some very swell man had been introduced to him: "How-d'y-e-do, sir. Pleased to make your acquaintance." After the man had gone another man said to the General: "Why, General, that was Lord this or that." "You don't say so?" said the General. "It didn't seem to me he looked any different from anybody else. Is he any better than other folks just because he is a lord? My fren, I think the 'Merican citizen is just as good as any lord that ever walked." The General he meant that. You could see just by the way he spoke, if you know him, for he always had a way of sort of setting himself down when he meant anything particularly.

I've heard folks say the General was not a particular man about himself. Now that ain't so. I think I ought to know, because I used to dress him. He wanted everything just so. It didn't do to neglect nothing with the General. His clothes must be just as clean as could be, and if they were not, why then old Jerry got into trouble right away. The General was no man for style, but the things that had he wanted to be good. I don't know any man I liked work for as well as General Grant. He was kind to every day. Folks is expected to get cross and be tough with people, but the General never was. I never saw seem to feel anything so much as when, while he was dressing, I would give him a cigar. He would say: "That's very nice," and puff away as if he liked it the best anything in the world.

JEREMIAH SMITH.